



A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four prominent columns is visible in the background.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019

https://archive.org/details/andthatsallstoi00perr_0

GEN

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01886 0632

GC
929.2
P427PL

AND THAT'S ALL.

"Stories told by
Lydia Sharpless Perry
to her children"

AND THAT'S ALL

Stories from a Happy Childhood

By

LYDIA SHARPLESS PERRY

Printed for HARVEY C. PERRY

Copyright 1946
by Harvey C. Perry

This book is about a little girl who lived in the brick house next to the woods on College Avenue (Number 791). That was long before it was made into an apartment house. She kept her donkey in a little brown stable that stood close to where the Bryn Mawr bus stops at Stokes Hall.

Uncle Thomas's farm hasn't changed very much. It's in Birmingham, Chester County between West Chester and Chadds Ford - near the Brandywine. There's a plaque in front of the house that says her father was born there.

Of course there was a farm at the College too. Now we call the barn "Central Receiving."

Charlie Perry

Foreword

*O*f the many simple stories Lydia Sharpless Perry told and retold to her children, only a few were ever written down. Shortly before her death her family persuaded her to capture in writing some of the stories so that they might continue to be told to her children.

The story hour was always ushered in by "Tell me about when you were a little girl, Mother," and prolonged by "Tell me another." The children loved these stories because they were echoes from their mother's happy childhood lived in a simpler day, and because, like all echoes, they were true.

Now that these children have grown up, they wish to share the stories with a wider circle. It is hoped that other children will find in Lydia's interests and adventures the same appeal. Eleanor Haines Wills, a friend who is familiar with the places and traditions that Lydia knew, has drawn the pictures which interpret and adorn the stories.

H. C. P.

Contents

	Page
THE GETTING JENNY STORY	8
THE STORY ABOUT JENNY'S HORSE FRIEND	10
THE COLONEL NEWCOME STORY	12
THE JOHN HORSE STORY	14
THE CATBIRD STORY	16
THE TURTLE STORY	18
THE TOBY STORY	20
THE STORY ABOUT THE BLACKBIRD'S EGG	22
THE EARNING JENNY STORY	24
THE BLOSSOM STORY	26
THE CATERPILLAR STORY	30
THE FISHING STORY	32
THE RABBIT STORY	36

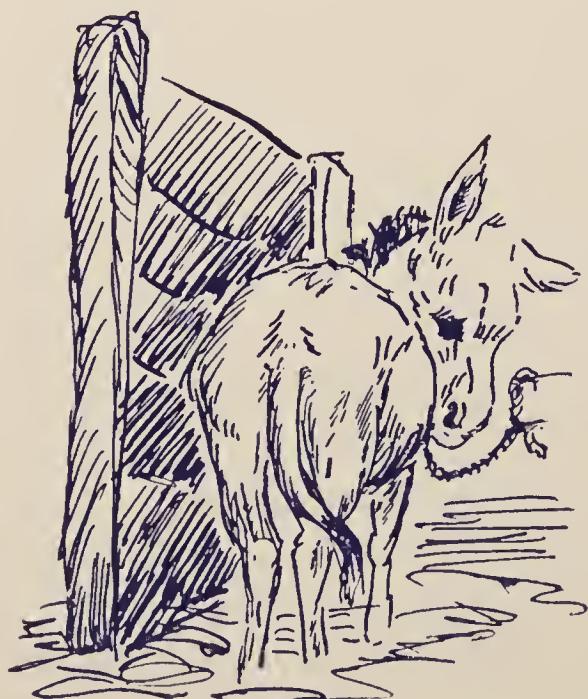
The Getting Jenny Story

ONCE when I was a little girl I decided that what I wanted the very most was a donkey. I liked pets and I thought a donkey would be the nicest pet of all. I had seen donkeys in the zoo and I liked their long ears and their shaggy sides and their nice little feet that step along so neatly. And I thought there couldn't be any more fun than to have one of my own to ride and drive whenever I wanted to. So I kept talking and talking about a donkey, but nobody seemed to be interested.

Well, one day I was over at the College watching a cricket match and my father walked up and said "Come along here." And he took me up to a man we knew who had two ponies and a donkey. And my father said "Do you know where we could get a donkey?" and the man said "I think I can find one for you" and that was all. But then I knew that my father had been listening, after all, when I talked about donkeys.

So, a few days later I was playing in somebody's yard with a lot of other children and my sister Edith called me to come home because "there was a donkey there to see me." So I ran home as fast as I could go, and there, sure enough, were two boys and a man and donkey and cart, and a horse and wagon. And my father was talking to the man and the man said, "Well I think she's worth twenty-five dollars" and my father said, "Well I'll give you twenty" and the man said "No." And I stood and held on to my father's hand and was very much afraid I wasn't going to get that donkey at all. But after awhile my father said, "Well I'll split the difference with you" and the man said "Then she's yours!" And I was *so* glad I gave my father's hand a great big squeeze.

So the boys got out of the cart and got into the big wagon and drove home with their father. And we drove the donkey around the circle and then took her out to the barn. It's now grandmother's garage. And we put the cart on one side, and we hung up the



harness on pegs and we put Jenny in the other side and gave her some stale bread for supper, because we hadn't bought any oats yet. And we went in and had our supper and went to bed.

But all night I dreamed and thought about that donkey. And very early I got up and got dressed and went out to see her. And she was all right, but she looked around at me as though she didn't quite know who I was.

She had a rope around her neck, because we didn't own a halter then. I thought I'd let her have some nice green grass to eat. So I untied the rope from her manger and led her out. And it was a nice sunny spring morning and she ate grass, and I stood and held the rope and was very happy.

But pretty soon Jenny looked around and decided that she wasn't at home, so all of a sudden she put down her head and kicked up her heels and started at a gallop up the path thru the woods, and I held on and got pulled along.

When she settled down to walk I tried to pull her home but every time I pulled she kicked up her heels and waved her tail and started off again. So I thought if I had to be dragged away from home it would be better to go slowly than to go fast, so I didn't pull any more. But I couldn't think how it was going to end, just walking away.

We went thru the woods and past the bridge and along the walk and out thru the gate and on to the station road.

Then I heard a shout and there was my brother Fred. Somebody had seen us and sent him to help. And he was big and strong. When he pulled the rope Jenny tried to run away but she couldn't. So he and I led her home and got our breakfast.

And after that I knew better than to take her out without a halter. But sometimes I was foolish and did it, and got into trouble as you shall see.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Story About Jenny's Horse Friend

WELL, I had Jenny all that spring and all summer and I liked her just as well as I thought I was going to. And I took all the care of her except cleaning out her stall. A man did that. And one afternoon when I hadn't been using her and she had stood in her stall all day I went out to give her her supper and a drink. When I got there she had slipped her head out of the halter, and had pulled out the slide that let down the oats, and there she was with a pile of oats up to her chin, and she was just eating and eating. I kept the oats upstairs in a big box, and there was a sort of wooden pipe came out of the bottom of it and the oats slid down that till they came to a sliding board at the bottom. So you didn't have to go up-stairs to get the oats, you only had to slide out that board. And Jenny was smart enough to get her own oats when she got loose. So I had to nail the slide. Then she pulled and pulled and bit the slide till there was no handle left, but she didn't let her own oats down any more. That nail stopped her.

Well, I thought she didn't need any more supper that night, and I was too lazy to put her halter on just to give her a drink, so I took ahold of her forelock and led her out to the watering trough. She took a big drink and then she decided not to go back to her stall. So she just ran up close against a tree and rubbed me off and started down across the lawn toward the football field, and on across the road there and into a big field. So I thought *that* was alright, so I just put up the bars and left her there.

Well, the next day I had to go to school and then I had to study my lessons and when I got that done I got Jenny's bridle from the peg and started out to get her. But she wasn't in the field. So I looked all around and after awhile I found her nice little footprints in the road. She had squeezed under the fence like a dog and she had gone on down the road. So I went after her, following those tracks. There was only one house on that part of the Haverford Road and I went in there and asked if they had seen her. And they had but said she had gone on down the road. So I kept on following those tracks along the Haverford Road, then they turned down another road and across the creek where the electric cars run now, and up a hill, and there I saw Jenny in a big field! And wasn't she having a nice time! She had a new friend, a great big red bay horse and they were eating grass right close together.

I climbed the fence and thought I'd put the bridle right on her and take her home. But she looked very cross when she saw me and ran at me with her head down and tried to chase me away. But I wasn't afraid of *her*, and I kept on trying to catch her, till all of a sudden the horse decided no one should bother his new friend. So he came galloping up with his ears back and looking very cross. Then I *was* scared and I went over and sat on

the fence and wondered what I should do, because the sun was going down and Jenny and I were three miles from home.

Well pretty soon a man came to the barway and called the horse. Well the horse trotted over and Jenny right after him and I right after Jenny and we all went down to the barnyard of the big Johnson barn where the golf club is now. But even there Jenny wouldn't let the man catch her. So he called about six other men and they all got in a circle around her after they had shut up her horse friend. And they all laughed and thought she was very funny.

Then she knew she couldn't get away so she didn't even try to, but let me put the bridle on and get on her back. Then I turned her out of the yard and up the lane and along the Haverford Road, home.

And I don't think I've ever been much happier in my life than I was riding home, with Jenny safe again, on that autumn evening all alone.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Colonel Newcome Story

WHEN I was a little girl almost every time I saw anything at all that was alive I wanted it for a pet. But pretty soon I found out that wild things don't make good pets. They are so scared they won't eat and they are so unhappy it makes you unhappy. All except tadpoles and turtles and such things, *they* don't seem to mind. But there's no use trying to keep wild bunnies or mice or birds. You can't do it.

One time I paid somebody a whole dollar for a possum. I kept him in a barrel and fed him carrots and carried him around by his ugly naked tail. But he always looked very cross and tried to bite me and I was glad when he got away.

But tadpoles are different and every spring I had lots of jars and cans with tadpoles' and frogs' eggs and toads' eggs and such things.

I always wanted to catch a peep-frog. But they stopped peeping and hid when I came near.

Well, we used to go to a place in the summer where there were lots of pretty little newts. They were green with red spots on top and yellow with black spots underneath, and they were shaped something like tiny little crocodiles. I liked them very much and one year I brought one home and kept it in a globe with some goldfish. I fed him earth worms, but they were hard to get in winter. Sometimes I got one out of my grandmother's flower pots. But toward spring he got very thin. Then when spring came he had a lot to eat again.

My sister Amy named him Colonel Newcome after somebody in a book she had read, but I hadn't. We used to like to watch him change his skin. He would pull it off over his head the way you do your sweaters. It was very thin and would float around in the water like the shadow of a newt, then he would catch it and eat it all up. After that his red spots would be brighter than ever.



One day somebody put too much water in the globe and Colonel Newcome swam up to the top and put his foot upon the glass and crawled out and fell down the side of the globe and crawled across the table and fell down to the floor, and when we came down the next morning he wasn't in the globe at all, and we looked all around and at last we found him on the floor. But what do you suppose! His eyes were gone. After that he was a poor little blind Colonel Newcome. But he was all right every other way, and he lived for about two years after that and went right on eating worms and changing his skin. And I liked him very much. But after awhile he got so old he died.

AND THAT'S ALL



The John Horse Story

WHEN I was a little girl I used to love to go out to my Uncle Thomas's farm for visits.

Uncle Thomas had two boys named Jim and Tom and they were just about my size. And after awhile they had a baby brother named Francis and he grew to be a little boy but he never did get to be anywhere near so old as Jim and Tom and me. Aunt Sue P. was their mother and she was always giving us good things to eat and telling us to have a good time.

Well, on that farm they had five horses. Baby stood in the box stall, and Blossom stood next the south door. She was Baby's mother and they could both trot fast and used to pull the carriage. Next to Blossom stood two big heavy strong horses named Townsend and Harry. They were work-horses, and were used to plow and harrow and to pull the reaper-and-binder, and the big loads of hay. And next to them stood old John horse, and he was the one we children were allowed to use. We had a small saddle just for us and we were very glad when Uncle Thomas said we could have John for the afternoon. We used to get on his back and ride him up and down the road. There was a little wooden bridge over the run and his feet sounded "thumpety-thump" as he went over. We tried to make him go so fast over that bridge that he would only hit it once. But there were always two thumps.

John had lots to do because he could do all kinds of things beside being ridden. Sometimes he pulled the carriage like Blossom and Baby, only not so fast, and sometimes he helped Townsend and Harry with the work. He was what is called a "general purpose horse." Every Tuesday and every Friday he used to churn the butter. He was hitched to a bar and had to walk round and round. The bar was hitched to another bar and that turned the churn inside the spring house. I used to sit on his back, right on top of the harness and ride round and round. When the butter "came" somebody would unhitch John and he would walk across the road and up to the barn and into his stall, and I would ride along.

One day in summer John was hitched to a post in the yard, waiting for somebody to drive him out. The flies were bad and he was stamping and switching his tail to make them stop biting him. Francis was a baby then and couldn't even walk, but he crept out and hugged one of John's big hind feet, and sat there hugging it, and John was so good he wouldn't hurt that baby even if the flies did bite him, so he stood there and let himself get bitten, because if he had stamped his feet he might have kicked the baby.

After Francis got bigger John was still careful and wouldn't go fast when Francis rode him. That made Francis very cross. John could jump fences, so there was no use trying to

fasten him in a field, he just went wherever he chose, but he never ran away.

In the meadow, below the house, there were four colts. Baby was their mother and Blossom was their grandmother. They loved to canter up and down the meadow. There were trees there for shade and a nice brook where they could drink and wade. It was a nice place for colts.

Tom was four years old, Dick was three years old, Argo was two years old and Harry was one year old. One evening somebody put old John into the meadow. All the colts came running up to say "hello!" Then old John kicked up his heels and started off with all the colts in a string after him, first Tom, then Dick, then Argo and then little Harry. As they came down the meadow they sounded almost like thunder. When they came to the fence old John jumped over, then over went Tom and Dick and Argo and Harry, one, two, three, four, and there they were all in the road. We didn't know what they would do, but old John led them up the road a little way and then came charging back and jumped them all into the meadow again, one, two, three, four. And without John they never would jump a fence. We were all very fond of John horse and I think he liked us too.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Catbird Story

WHEN I was a little girl at Haverford I used to like the birds very much, but I didn't have any nice bird books like the ones we have in this house. But over in the college library they had some beautiful bird books with colored pictures of birds that some very famous men had painted. Now people think those books are so precious that they keep them locked up in a glass case, but when I was a little girl they used to let me take them home. So I learned to know lots of birds from those books all by myself, — flickers and brown creepers, and maryland-yellowthroats, and lots of others.

Well, one year some very nice birds came and built nests close to our house. Some wood robins built a nest in a bush by the walk that goes to the front porch. Wood robins are cousins of robin-red-breasts, but they are brown with speckled breasts and sing a very beautiful song. But they do build a nest of mud like robin-red-breast.

Then in a bush by the dining-room window was a catbird's nest. Catbirds are nice gray birds, like the ones that built in our wistaria vine last year and they built a nest just like that one. They have a very fine song too.

So we thought it was very fine to have two such nice birds so near our house. And I used to watch them a lot, but I didn't go near them, because I didn't want to scare them.

Well, one day the father catbird wasn't there and there was no nice catbird singing any more, so the next day I thought I'd find out what was wrong, so I crawled under the bush and there I found the mother catbird dead. Then I wondered how the eggs were, so I put my hand in the nest and the eggs were all cold. Then I knew they wouldn't hatch anyhow so I took down the nest and all, and what do you think! there were four beautiful blue eggs. Three of them were about as big as alleys, only egg-shaped, but one of them was no bigger than the end of Nickie's little finger. Well I couldn't understand it at all.

Now you see that catbird was very pretty and I thought I'd like to skin her and stuff her and keep her. I had done that with some dead birds I had found, but they didn't look very nice. They just looked like dead birds.

So my father said he would ask a big boy at the college to stuff her for me.

Well, one evening the boy came over to our house and we sat around the library table to watch him. He had very sharp knives, and scissors and glass eyes and cotton and powder and wire and lots of other things. He cut the catbird's skin underneath its body and he pushed it back very carefully till he got it all off, but he left some bones in its wings and legs and head. Then he put powder on the skin and put wires in the legs so they would stand up, and he put in the black glass eyes and he stuffed it all full of cotton, but he measured it very carefully to be sure it was just the same size as it had been. Then he took

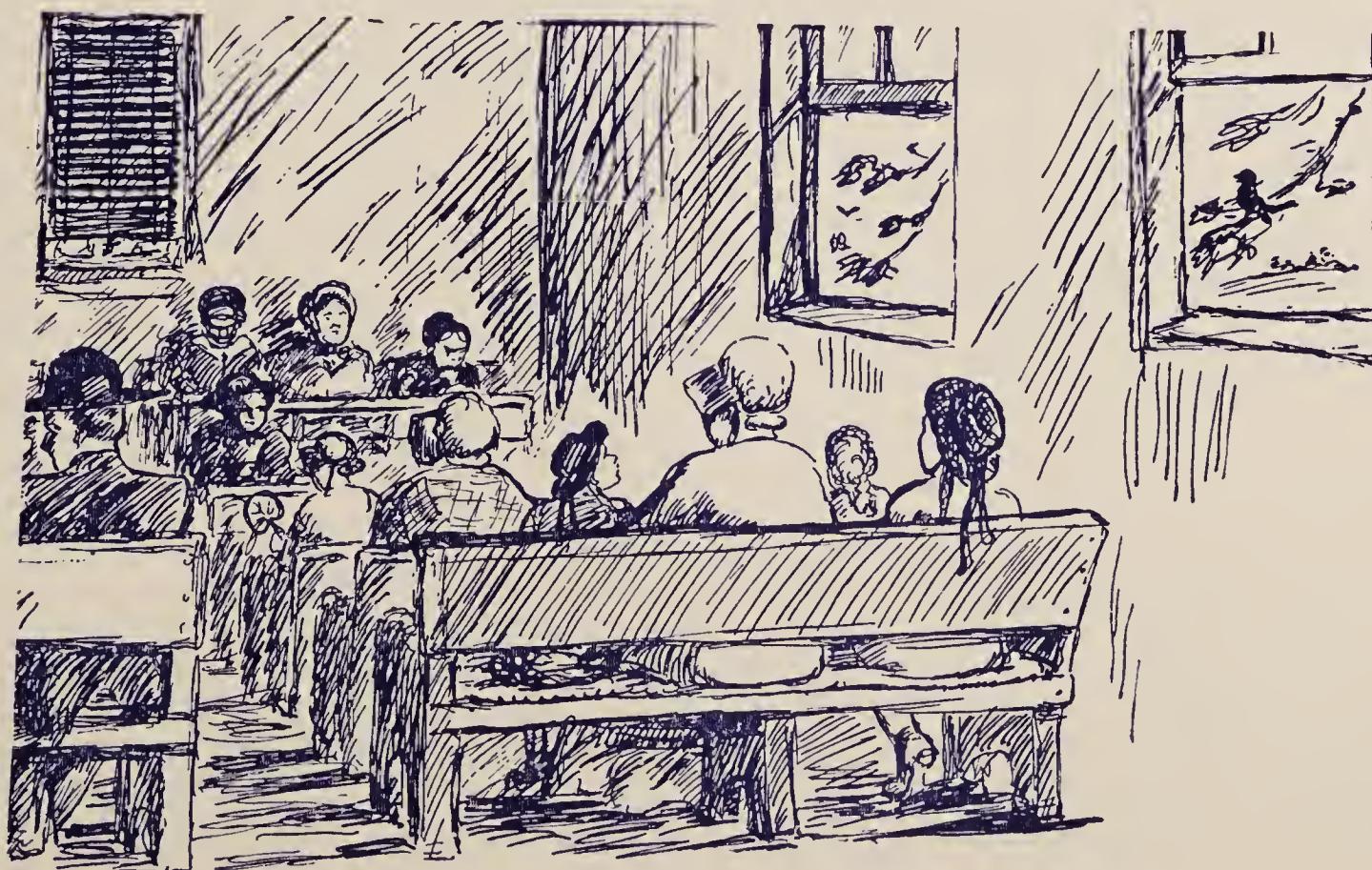
some nice little branches he had brought and he made a perch and stood the catbird up on it, and it looked as though it was alive and I liked it very much.

I showed him the eggs and asked him why one of them was so small. He said that probably the bird was old or sick and couldn't lay a full sized egg at the end, just before she died.

Well the father catbird never came back. I expect he went off and found a new wife. But I kept that stuffed bird in my room and thought it was one of the nicest things I had, and when I got bigger and went to Westtown I took it there and brought it home in the summer. And one summer we had a cat and one day she came into my room and saw it and thought it was a live bird that she would like to catch.

So she crouched down and she put back her ears and she switched her tail and she went creeping up and made a great spring and jumped on my catbird and tore it all to pieces, and tried to eat it up. But it wasn't good to eat, and the powder that the college boy had put on the skin was poison. So the cat had an awful stomach-ache and died, and I thought that was a good punishment for her, because I was very sorry to lose my bird that I liked so much.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Turtle Story

ONCE when I was a little girl, on a Spring day, I found a box turtle in our yard.

A box turtle is different from the turtles we see in ponds around here. It doesn't go in the water at all, and it has a bottom shell that is big enough to cover up everything, and has hinges so it can shut up tight, and the turtle can pull in its head and legs and tail and shut itself right up as tho it was in a box.

Well this one had nice yellow mottles all over it and I took it up to the house and I got a sharp pointed knife and I made a hole in the back of its shell and got a string and tied it to a little tree. And my sister Amy told me to name it Epaminondas, so I did.

It doesn't hurt the turtle to make a hole in its shell any more than it hurts us to cut our finger nails. Well a few days later I found another turtle, but this one had orange mottles. And I did the same with it, and Amy told me to name it Darius and so I did.

Then I thought it would be fun to make them pull a wagon, so then I had to make a wagon for them.

Well I got a cigar-box just like our button box now, and I fastened two sticks under it so they would stick out on both sides, and my mother gave me four empty spools and I put them on for wheels, and stuck in some pins so the wheels wouldn't come off, and then I had a wagon, and I put in some paper-dolls for a ride.

Then I got the two turtles and tied their strings to the wagon and let them go and they started to walk. But they didn't walk the same way and pretty soon they were just pulling against each other and the wagon wasn't going at all. So I took Darius back and tied him to his tree, and left Epaminondas there. Then when he walked he pulled the wagon after him and my paper-dolls had a fine ride.

One day Darius broke his string and walked away. So I had only one turtle left. He used to like to eat strawberries and I would save him some from supper and take them out and give them to him.

But after awhile I decided I had had him long enough so I let him go.

AND THAT'S ALL





The Toby Story

WHEN I was a little girl I was always wanting more pets, and my mother liked pets too, and let me have lots of them, but sometimes she thought I had too many, and one day she said,—“I draw the line at a monkey,” and that meant that a monkey was one thing I couldn’t have. Then my father said, “Well I draw the line at a hippopotamus.” So I knew I never could have a monkey or a hippopotamus for a pet, but I didn’t care because I didn’t want either of those very much.

Well one day one of my friends asked me if I would like to have Toby. Toby was their dog and he was a beautiful black silky spaniel and I wanted him very, very much, and my mother said I could have him.

So Toby came to our house to live and he loved me and I loved him and he wanted to go everywhere I did, and he followed me to school and came in and got up on the desks and did things the teacher didn’t like so I tried to keep him at home, but he *would* get out and come up to school, so every morning we had to tie him up.

In the afternoon he always played with me and when I went skating I would take him on a leash, and he would run around the pond and I would stand up on my skates and let him pull me.

In the summer when we went up to the place in the mountains where I got Colonel Newcome, I had to leave Toby behind with our cook. Her name was Flora. I would write letters to Toby and Flora would write back and tell me how he was.

When I first went away he missed me so he wouldn’t eat. So Flora got one of my dresses and made a rag-doll and put it in Toby’s bed and after that he felt better. One day Flora got some ink and rubbed it all over Toby’s paw and put his paw down on a piece of paper and made a big inky foot mark, and she sent it to me and wrote on it “I cannot write but I can make a mark, Toby.” And I still have that piece of paper.

When I got home wasn’t he glad to see me, and didn’t he jump all over me!



After I got Jenny, Toby loved her too, and if he couldn't go with me he would always stay with her. And we used to go all over the country together, sometimes just we three, and sometimes with the cart all full of children jumping in and out.

There was one tree that Toby could climb. It was a big tree that had been blown down and was lying on its side, but its branches held it up off the ground so that out at the end it was quite high. My sister Edith and I used to play house on that tree, and Toby used to walk all around on the branches. I used to like to walk way out to the end and jump off and Toby would do it too. One time he jumped so soon after I did that he landed right on top of me.

The next summer when we went up into the mountains we didn't have Flora any more, so I left both Jenny and Toby at the college farm with my friends John and Maggie Grimes. They were very nice people who lived there.

Well this time Toby felt so badly again that he wouldn't eat, and wouldn't let them catch him, and he just went out on the field and stayed with Jenny and he got very thin and very dirty and he looked very miserable. And after awhile he disappeared.

And all the next few years there wasn't anything I wanted or thought about so much as having Toby back. But he never came and I never saw him again.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Story About the Blackbird's Egg

WHEN I was a little girl after I got the catbird's nest and eggs, I decided I would like to collect lots of different kinds of birds' eggs. And my father said that was all right if I would never take more than one egg out of a nest. Because we wanted lots of baby birds around and if I took more than one the mother might leave her nest, but if I took only one she would probably lay another. So I hunted for nests and I got quite a lot of different kinds of eggs. I got a robin's egg, and a chippie's and a song sparrow's and a wren's and a flicker's and several others. But I didn't have a blackbird's egg. I knew where some blackbird's nests were. But they were very high right upon the very top of some tall pine trees and I wasn't allowed to go up after them. So I asked my brother Fred if he would climb up and get me a blackbird's egg and he said he would, and up he went.

Some other children and I stood at the bottom and watched him climb way up and up. Well after a while he got up to the top and we called up "Are there nests there?" and he said, "Yes." And we said "Have they eggs in them?" and he said "Yes." So he took one and started to climb down. Well he needed both his hands for climbing so he put the egg in a pocket. But he was afraid he might squeeze up against the tree and break it, so he put it in his mouth and climbed on down.

And when he got about half way down we heard a great big "Blah!" and then a broken egg came splash on to the ground under the tree. And then all the way down he was saying "Ugh! poof! piff! ach! blah!" and so forth. Because, you see the egg wasn't very fresh and so it tasted very badly.

And as soon as he got down he ran quickly into the house and washed out his mouth, and I didn't get any blackbird's egg.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Earning Jenny Story

WHEN I was a little girl and my father bought Jenny for me he said I must earn money and pay him for her and pay for all her food too. So I had to think of lots of ways to earn money. My mother used to pay me to go to the store for her and to do errands in Ardmore, and I used to drive to Ardmore with Jenny and Toby and buy oats for thirty-six cents a bushel and carriage whips for the cart for twenty-five cents.

And I used to make all the other children help me to get in leaves in the fall so that I shouldn't have to buy straw for Jenny's bed. And we would rake up the dead leaves and drive them over to the barn in the cart. And one of us would let down a basket on a rope and another would fill it, and we would pull it up again in the window. So we got the whole upstairs full of leaves and I didn't have to buy straw.

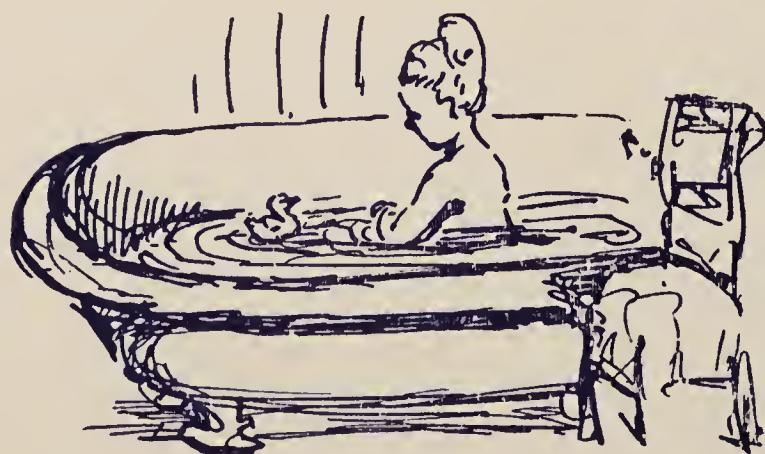
Well one day in the summer Maggie Grimes gave me a baby chicken that didn't have any mother. I was glad to get it because she'd given me things like that before and I liked them. Once she gave me a baby duck and I used to let it swim with me in the bathtub every afternoon when I took my bath. But that was long ago.

Well I thought this chicken was a boy because it had quite a little comb. But it grew up to be a beautiful big fat red hen and in the fall it laid a nice brown egg and after that it laid one nearly every day. My mother said she'd give me three cents for every egg. I thought that would be another good way to earn money to pay for Jenny so I got another hen from Maggie to keep Abraham company and my father said "Name her Lot," so I did.

Well at first Lot got away and was wild and I set figure-four traps all around and baited them with corn, but she didn't go near them. After a few days I drove her into the barn and she got tame, and began to lay eggs too, only her eggs were white.

So I got quite a lot of money for my eggs and after a while I got Jenny all paid for.

AND THAT'S ALL





The Blossom Story



WELL when I was a little girl I used to go to my Uncle Thomas's on the train. And when I got to the station where I was to get off, I walked through the station out to the street and there I would find somebody to meet me. Sometimes it would be the boys, Jim and Tom with old John-horse, but generally it was Uncle Thomas with Blossom and Baby. Blossom was Baby's mother, she was a pretty dappled brown. Baby was bay and prettier than Blossom, but maybe that was only because she was younger. Blossom used to be very crabbed and cross and was always pretending to bite but I don't think she ever did. Uncle Thomas liked her very much.

Well I would climb into the carriage and we would trot along slowly thru the town till we came to a long straight street called Price Street. Then the horses knew they were on their way home and *didn't* they go fast! Sometimes I wondered if they weren't running away. After the road got narrow and hilly and crooked they didn't go so fast, and sometimes Uncle Thomas would let me drive while he read his mail and the paper. I was proud. Every Sunday Blossom and Baby took us to meeting in the big market-wagon with three seats. We all got dressed up in our best clothes and all the girls and women had fans.

Always before we started we would see the Carters drive past. They had two horses

and a big market wagon too and a nice big family and we always waited quite a while after they had passed because their horses didn't go as fast as Blossom and Baby and we didn't want to catch up to them and get into the dust their horses kicked up, or to pass them and make them take our dust. So the Carters always got to meeting before we did.

Well when we thought we had waited long enough the horses and wagon came into the yard and we all climbed in and usually the company could sit on the front seat.

Then we drove down the hill and across the little bridge, where John went thumpety-thump when we rode him, and up past Cousin Bennie's big red barn and past the place where there was a quicksand in the spring and past other barns and big stone houses and past wheat fields, some red and some yellow, and past fields where the hay had been cut, and past green fields of millet that looked just like high thick grass and past corn fields with great big high stalks of corn in rows. And always way up in the sky there would be one or two great big turkey buzzards, sailing around and around and never moving their wings. And then we would drive past the house where the crazy man lived and be so afraid he would run out and catch us, and past the place where the English and Americans had a fight and where a Frenchman named LaFayette, got hurt; and then we would turn into the meeting-house yard under the great big maple trees and it would feel all nice and cool after the sunny dusty road.

And we would get out on the meeting-house porch and shake hands with everybody there and Uncle Thomas would drive Blossom and Baby around to the shed behind the meeting-house and come back and then we would all go in and sit down and everything would be very quiet. We would sit and look out the window and see the wind blowing the maple leaves and smell the nice hot smells that came in from the sunny fields. And we



would try to open our fans but usually they squeaked when we opened them, and that scared us because everything was so quiet so we'd stop.

Then all of a sudden from the shed where the horses were would come a great big "Wheeee!" and that was Blossom giving an awful scream because she didn't like something one of the other horses had done, or else there would be a big thump, thump and that would be Blossom kicking the end of the shed. But she never did any harm and that was all we heard till meeting was over. Because, nobody said anything, hardly ever.

And after meeting we went out and Uncle Thomas brought the horses around, and then it was somebody else's turn to ride on the front seat. And we all got in and rode home, past all those things and over the little bridge and up the hill into the yard and Uncle Thomas took the horses out to the barn and put them in their stalls and gave them their dinner.

And then we had our dinner and it was always very good, chicken and corn-on-the-cob and lots of other vegetables, and apple-butter, and lemon-butter and cottage-cheese and honey and salad with sour cream dressing, *awfully good*, and always ice-cream or else melon for dessert.

AND THAT'S ALL





The Caterpillar Story

WHEN I was a little girl at Haverford I used to collect moths and butterflies. My grandmother made me a net out of mosquito netting and I used to catch butterflies with that, and I used to catch moths that came flying around the lights at night, and my grandmother showed me how to put them to sleep with chloroform under a glass bowl, so it didn't hurt them but they would die before they woke up and so I could keep them.

A nice man who lived across the street gave me a fine big case to keep them in. It was all lined with a sheet of cork on the back and had a glass front that would open like a door and it was bigger than any picture in this house. And he gave me some little fine pins and I could pin in the moths and the pins didn't show because they were so fine.

Well I fixed up all my moths and butterflies, Lunas and Sphinx moths and Polyphemus moths and Tiger Swallow-tails and others. But I didn't put anything in the very middle because I was saving that place for something very fine and I didn't think I had anything quite good enough.

I used to find caterpillars too and keep them till they made cocoons and turned into moths and I always had a lot of caterpillars in boxes on my bureau. Well one evening I found the most beautiful caterpillar you ever saw. He was about three and three-quarters inches long and he was bright green and all down his back he had two rows of things that looked like red and yellow flowers. Somebody told me they could sting so I never touched them and I don't know whether they could or not.

Well he was eating away as hard as he could on a walnut tree over near the college library, and I broke off the branch he was on and carried him home and put him and the



leaves in a box with netting over it, and every day I brought him fresh leaves and every day he ate them all up.

Well, one morning my grandmother said "Come and see what is happening," and what do you suppose! There was my caterpillar and he wasn't eating at all but was all curled up in a corner of the box and was making a web just like a spider. He was moving his head back and forth and around and around fastening little fine silk threads across the corner of the box and covering himself up. And the silk thread was coming out of his mouth. Well all day I watched him and the web got thicker and thicker, but still you could see his head going back and forth putting on more threads, and after awhile it got so thick you couldn't see him at all. Then we put the box away because we knew he wouldn't come out again till the winter was over, and would just lie there and sleep and turn himself into a moth.

Then one day in the very early spring we heard a scratching noise inside that cocoon so we sat down and watched it and pretty soon we saw a little hole at one end and a little black head inside working away to make it larger, and after awhile out squeezed a funny brown moth. It was all wrinkled and shriveled up like a crumpled up brown leaf and it stood still on the cocoon and began to move its wings and as it moved them they got straighter and smoother and bigger and we began to see beautiful spots and lines on them and after awhile there it was a beautiful, big, perfect Cecropia moth. And that was what my caterpillar had grown up into.

Well right away quick before it could fly or hurt itself at all we put it to sleep with chloroform. You see it couldn't live more than a day or two anyhow. They never do and they usually fly around and break their wings and get hurt. So it was really better for him to save him from all that.

Well then I had just what I wanted to put in the middle of my case. He was the biggest and the prettiest moth I had and he stayed right in the middle because I never got a better one.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Fishing Story



WELL when I was a little girl out at Uncle Thomas's we children used to have lots of fun down by the run. The run was a very nice *brook* down in the meadow — but everybody there called it "the run." It started up in the wood-lot and came out into the meadow in a sort of swampy place where there were lots of cowslips in the spring, but we called them "marsh marigolds," they were bright yellow, and there were lots of bright blue flowers too, called "blue-bottles," all very pretty.

A little below there, under a big bush, one time we found a great big turkey's nest. The mother turkey wasn't there but we counted twelve big freckled eggs. We went back and told about it, and one of the men came out and caught the turkey on her nest and brought her and the eggs in and put them all in a nice, dry, safe place, where she could hatch her babies.

Down a little farther was a place where the banks were high and the water deeper than it was in most places, and there we built a dam of stones and sods and made ourselves quite a nice little pool, and there we learned to swim.

One time in a little sandy place we saw a sunfish doing something funny and we watched him. A sunfish is a pretty little fish with orange colored fins and lots of pretty orange and yellow and blue and red on him. Well this one was standing quite still in the water and fanning away very hard with his fins so that all the mud and dirt was washed away under him and there was a nice little hollow place, like a bowl, all lined with nice clean pebbles. We wondered what he was doing but we couldn't tell. After awhile in a book we read about it and found out he was making a nest for a mother fish to lay her

eggs in. He was getting it all ready for her. That's the way they do.

Down below our swimming pool was a big buttonwood tree where the horses and cows used to stand in the shade, and stamp their feet in the water and switch off the flies, and farther on down was a broad shallow place where we used to wade and sail boats; after that the run went under the bridge where John went thumpety-thump and across the road into the lower meadow below the barn.

Sometimes we dug worms in the garden and took them for bait to go fishing in the run, but we never caught many fish. Sometimes we went fire fishing. That means we went out after it was dark and waded up the run carrying a bright torch, and the fire shone on the water and made it so bright we could see all the fish and they would stay quite still because the light surprised them, and then we would catch them with a gig. Once we caught a great big eel. Eels always lie on the bottom like a letter S with their heads upstream. This eel was so big that when we had him for breakfast the next morning everybody could have a piece, and he tasted very good.





One day we said "Let's go fishing in the Brandywine." So we packed up a picnic lunch and we dug worms and put them in a tin can, and we got our poles and lines and hooks and sinkers, and we started off across the road and thru the barnyard and down across the lower meadow to the run.

Over in one of cousin Bennie's fields on the side of a hill we were watching a fox's hole. We had often watched it from the house with field glasses and had seen the mother fox and her babies playing around their front door, but now we were coming closer and we wondered if they wouldn't be afraid, and sure enough after awhile they all slipped into the hole one after the other till there were no foxes left.

Then we walked on down along the run and climbed a fence and walked thru some woods and after awhile we saw a big crow's nest all made of black sticks way high up on a tree and we thought we should like to have a crow's egg for our collection, but we couldn't climb the tree — it didn't have enough branches.

Well we walked along past other farms and thru other fields and across a road down to a broad flat meadow with a row of trees in it and past the row of trees was the Brandywine and it was a nice big stream, almost a river. And there were horses and cows all around and rocks to sit on, and we baited our hooks and fished and ate our sandwiches and fished some more and waded in the edge of the river, and when we caught a fish we

strung it on a line, and we got quite a string and then we dumped out the rest of our worms and started home the same way we came, only we went up to a nice spring to get a drink and caught a frog and let it go again.

When we came out of the woods into an open field what do you think we saw? Why lots and lots of turkey-buzzards sitting all over the trees and fences, twenty or thirty of them.

Turkey-buzzards are very ugly and have no feathers on their heads just like a turkey gobbler. And they don't eat seeds and mosquitoes like little birds, or mice and fish and rabbits like hawks, but they eat all sorts of things after they are dead, so they don't smell very good and they don't look at all pretty except when they are way, way up in the sky sailing around and around.

So we didn't care to go very close to them, but we knew they had found something they all wanted to eat. We stood and watched them flop from one fence post to another and from one tree to another, and then we went on home, and scared the foxes into their hole again, and went up to the house and cleaned our fish, and somebody cooked them for supper and we ate them and they were very good.

AND THAT'S ALL



The Rabbit Story

ONCE when I was a little girl somebody gave us a rabbit. He was just the color of a wild rabbit, but he had longer ears and he had a nice little white tail. He was just a beautiful brown bunny, so we called him John Bunyan.

After awhile we thought he might be lonely so my sister Edith and I got some money out of our banks and we bought another rabbit. This one was maltese — that is gray color — and it had a white face and white paws and we named this one Babbit. We kept them out in the stable. This was before I had Jenny and we fed them cabbage leaves and lots of other things. We had boxes with wire on the top and no bottom at all and we put the rabbits in those out on the grass and they ate up all the grass and I am sorry to say left ugly brown spots on the lawn that our father didn't like at all.

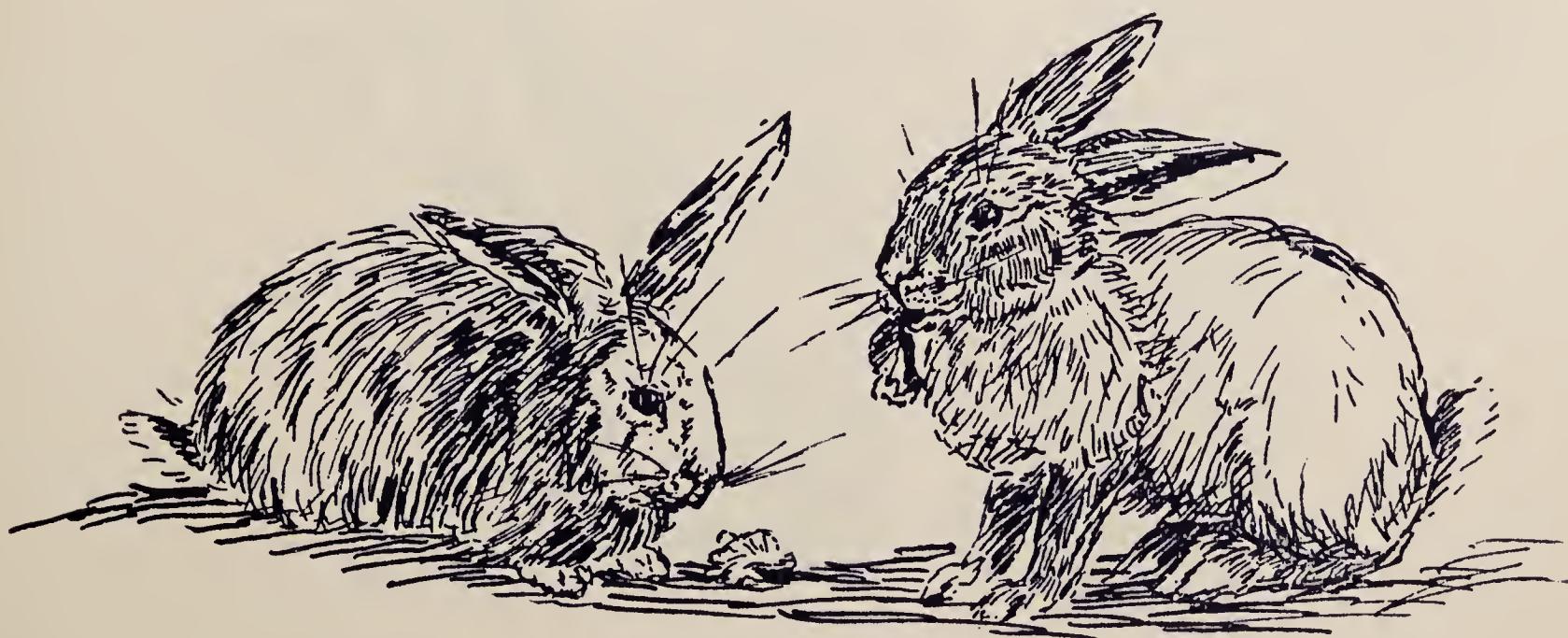
One time in the winter it was so cold and so snowy we couldn't go to school and we couldn't keep warm anywhere in the house except in the dining-room so we all went in there and built a fire in the fireplace and had lots of fun all together. But we were afraid the rabbits would be cold out in the stable so we put on our boots and went out and brought them in. And we made a pen in the corner of the dining-room and put newspapers on the floor and put in some cabbage leaves and the rabbits had lots of fun, too. And when they found how much noise they could make thumping their hind feet on the floor they kept thumping and thumping all the time.

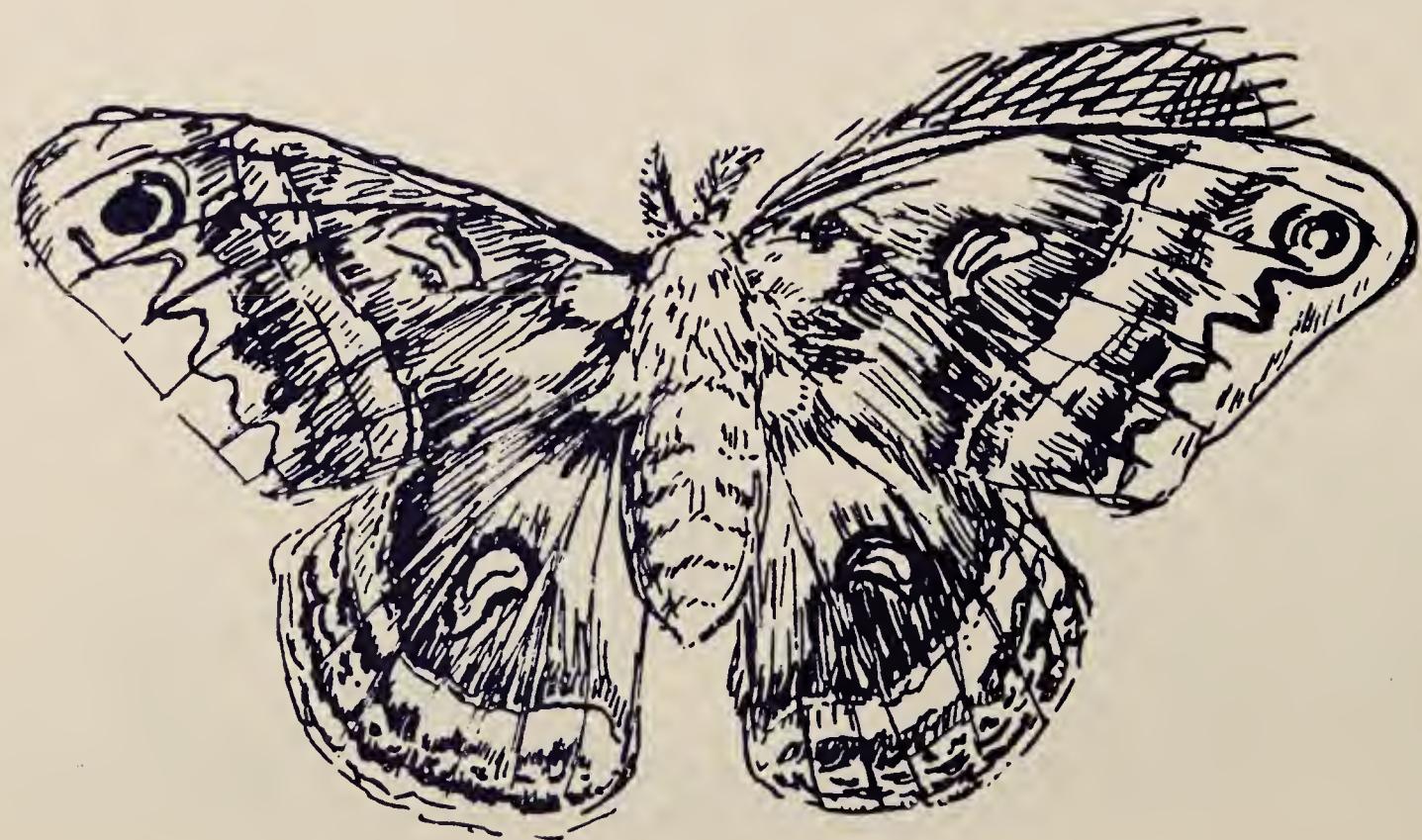
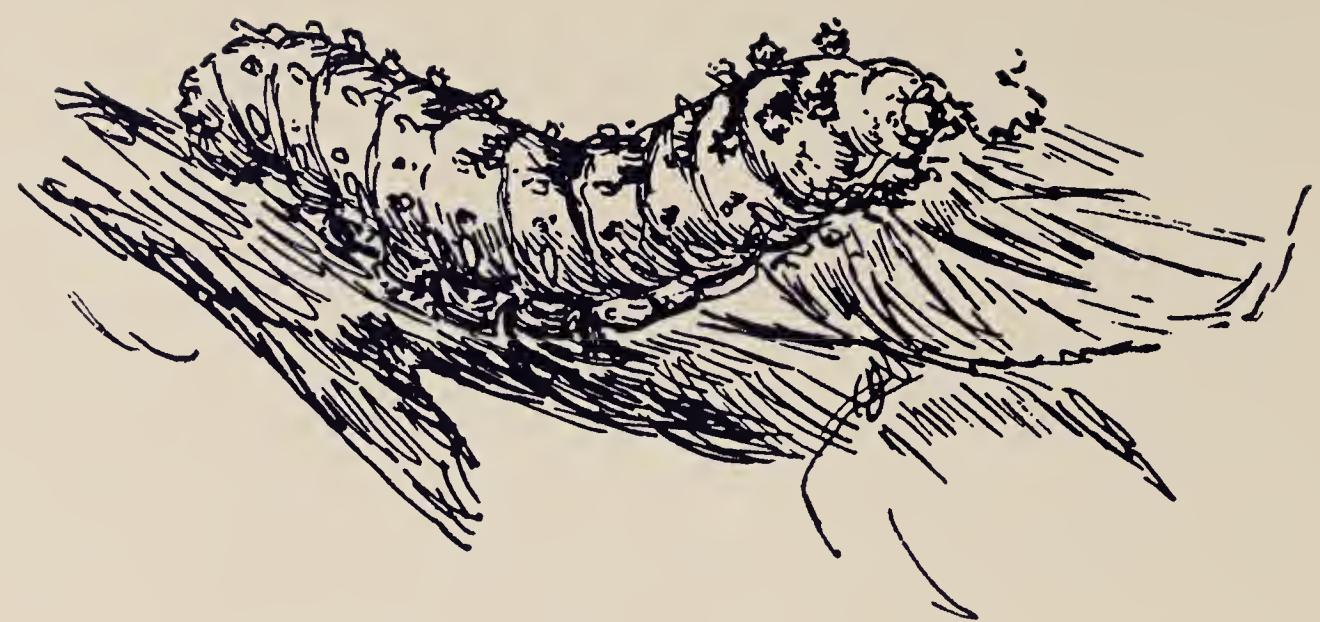
One morning I was going out to give them their breakfast and there I saw Bunyan running around outdoors and I thought, "Oh dear, Bunyan has gotten away and we will lose him!" But he came back in for his breakfast and after that we couldn't keep him in, but Babbit never went out.



Well after awhile we thought we'd had them long enough so we gave them to some of our friends and what do you suppose! Just a little while after that they had a lot of babies, some were the color of Bunyan, brown, and some were the color of Babbit, that is gray, and one was white and one was black and they were very cute, but they weren't ours any more.

AND THAT'S ALL





AND THAT'S ALL

6/17/2011
T 232193 5 41 00



HF GROUP - IN

